
CDC
THE THING
WEIRD TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR
№14
THE
THING!
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
Ditko

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GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or **your money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day** of **attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . you **eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **4-way** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just $1.00 or a 30 day supply for only $2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**



10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY $1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a **delicious,** full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for **gaining weight** known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's **delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet!** It contains vitamin **B-12** . . . the **amazing red vitamin doctors** give many **underweight patients in hospitals** . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into **well rounded flesh** instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to **add new pounds** to your **arms, chest, hips, thighs,** and **legs.** Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! **You must achieve the figure you want** . . . or **don't pay anything.** Act now!

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 249
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail us your name and address, and $1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for $2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

THE THING • Volume 1, Number 14 June, 1954
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HERE WE ARE AGAIN, DEAR READERS, WELCOME TO MY LIBRARY OF FAIRY TALES. WELCOME TO MY GHOULISH "EEKS-OF-THE-MONTH"! THIS TIME WE HAVE A VERY SWEET LITTLE TALE FOR YOU---JUST CHUCK-FULL OF THE JUICE OF CRUSHED VICTIMS, AND BUBBLING WITH THE TERROR OF AGONIZED SCREAMS. HERE THEN, IS MY FIENDISH OFFERING---

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

AS TOLD BY- The Thing



ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A GIANT HILL NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF A LARGE VILLAGE. DEMONS FROM ALL OVER THE EARTH GATHERED AROUND TO JUDGE AMONG THEMSELVES WHO WAS INDEED THE BEST...



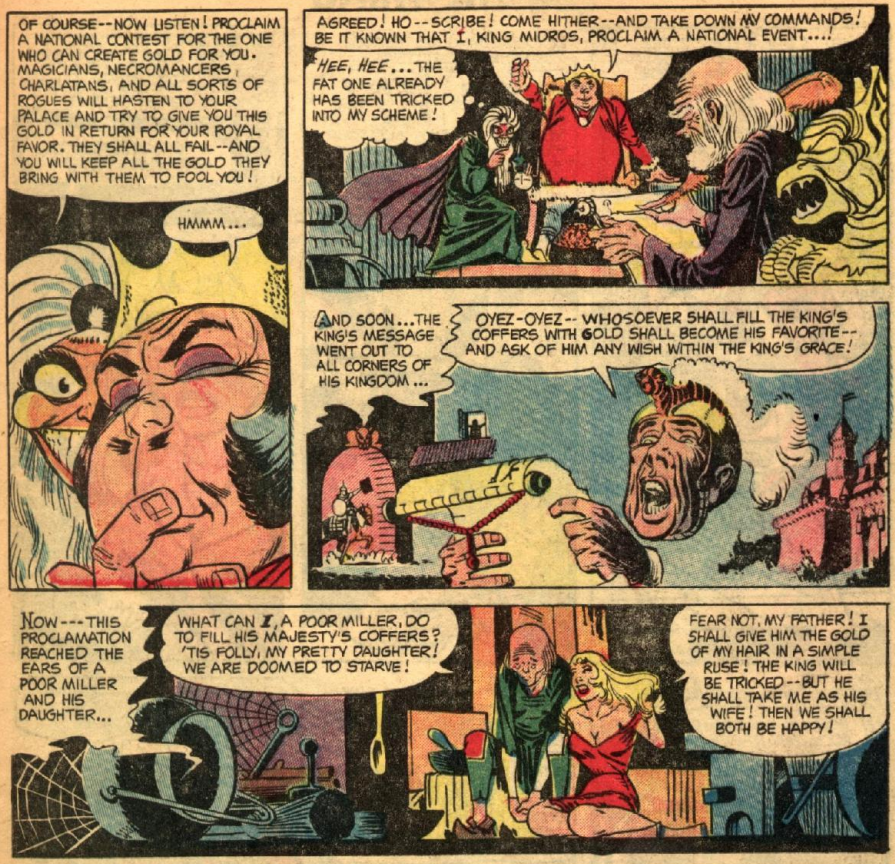



AND THIRD AND LAST---IS OUR OWN RUMPELSTILTSKIN---WHO GETS THIS WONDERFUL CRYSTAL BALL FOR HIS GOOD EFFORTS!
THIRD PLACE!! THIS IS AN INSULT!
THANK YOU FOR YOUR PRIZE, LOYAL BROTHERS. BUT I THOUGHT TO RECEIVE FIRST PRIZE AMONG YOU. NEXT YEAR I SHALL KEEP THIS VOW!
HO! ALREADY RUMPELSTILTSKIN BOASTS OF HIS DEMONRY! WHAT DOES HE SHOW US AS PROOF OF HIS SKILL?
HERE ARE THE VARIOUS SKINS I HAVE BROUGHT WITH ME. THESE ARTISTIC EFFORTS WILL CAUSE ALL OF YOU TO WONDER! FOR NEXT YEAR---I SHALL TATTOO ON THE SKIN OF A HUMAN OUR PATTERNS OF THE DAMNED!
TRULY--IF YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH THIS, RUMPELSTILTSKIN---YOU SHALL BE OUR DEMON LEADER!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN WAS A DEMON OF HIS WORD. HE TRIED HARD DURING THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED. HE TATTOOED VARIOUS PATTERNS---BUT ALL WITH THE SAME RESULTS!
ALL HOPELESSLY SMUDGED AND FADED. I NEED A YOUNG, SMOOTH SKIN. AH--WHAT IS THIS THAT MY CRYSTAL-BALL SHOWS ME?


AND WHAT RUMPELSTILTSKIN SAW---FILLED HIM WITH MUCH PLEASURE...
THE GREEDY KING OF THE VILLAGE---PLAYING WITH HIS GOLD! JUST THE PROPER PERSON FOR MY--AH--PROJECT! HA, HA...

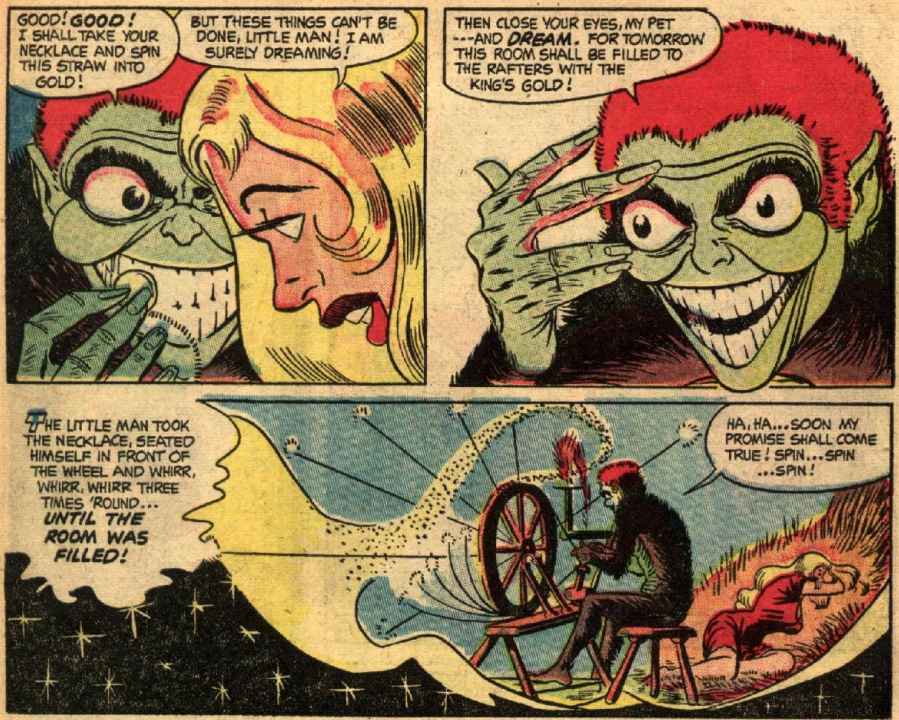

SO RUMPELSTILTSKIN, IN THE GUISE OF AN ANCIENT WISE-MAN, APPEARED BEFORE THE KING, AND...
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO INCREASE YOUR GOLD, HIGHNESS--AND THAT IS TO WAGE A CONTEST!
A CONTEST--?

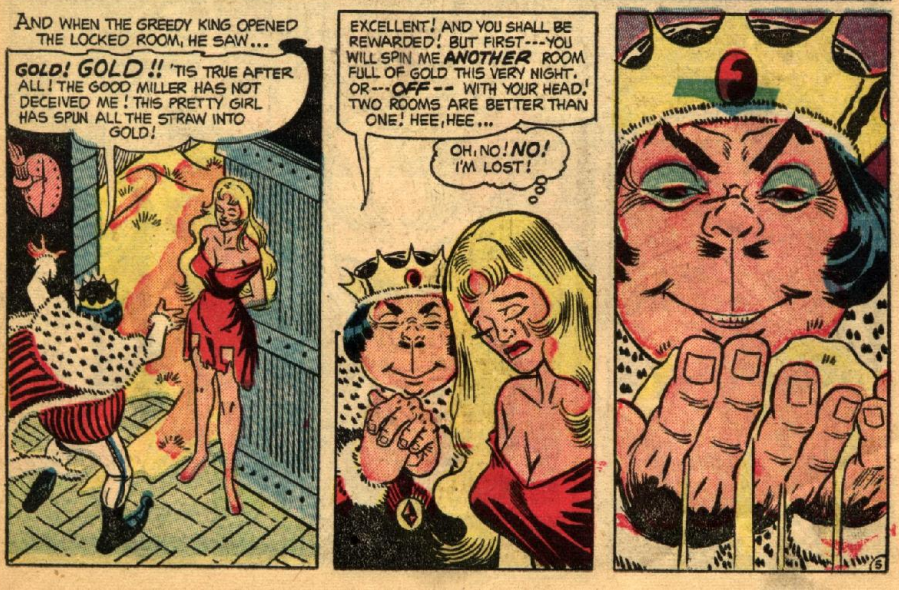

OF COURSE--NOW LISTEN! PROCLAIM A NATIONAL CONTEST FOR THE ONE WHO CAN CREATE GOLD FOR YOU. MAGICIANS, NECROMANCERS, CHARLATANS, AND ALL SORTS OF ROGUES WILL HASTEN TO YOUR PALACE AND TRY TO GIVE YOU THIS GOLD IN RETURN FOR YOUR ROYAL FAVOR. THEY SHALL ALL FAIL--AND YOU WILL KEEP ALL THE GOLD THEY BRING WITH THEM TO FOOL YOU!
HMMM...
AGREED! HO--SCRIBE! COME HITHER--AND TAKE DOWN MY COMMANDS! BE IT KNOWN THAT I, KING MIDROS, PROCLAIM A NATIONAL EVENT...!
HEE, HEE... THE FAT ONE ALREADY HAS BEEN TRICKED INTO MY SCHEME!
AND SOON...THE KING'S MESSAGE WENT OUT TO ALL CORNERS OF HIS KINGDOM...
OYEZ-OYEZ-- WHOSOEVER SHALL FILL THE KING'S COFFERS WITH GOLD SHALL BECOME HIS FAVORITE-- AND ASK OF HIM ANY WISH WITHIN THE KING'S GRACE!
NOW---THIS PROCLAMATION REACHED THE EARS OF A POOR MILLER AND HIS DAUGHTER...
WHAT CAN I, A POOR MILLER, DO TO FILL HIS MAJESTY'S COFFERS? 'TIS FOLLY, MY PRETTY DAUGHTER! WE ARE DOOMED TO STARVE!
FEAR NOT, MY FATHER! I SHALL GIVE HIM THE GOLD OF MY HAIR IN A SIMPLE RUSE! THE KING WILL BE TRICKED--BUT HE SHALL TAKE ME AS HIS WIFE! THEN WE SHALL BOTH BE HAPPY!
MEANWHILE, THE CONTEST HAD ALREADY BEGUN. MANY FLOCKED TO THE KING'S PALACE. MANY TRIED TO FOOL THE KING. MANY PAID WITH THEIR LIVES...
MERCY, SIRE! I ONLY TRIED TO DECEIVE YOU WITH A FEW TRICKS!
FLOG HIM--AND BRING HIS HEAD TO ME!
AND OF COURSE, I SHALL KEEP YOUR OFFER OF GOLD. YOU THOUGHT TO KEEP THIS HIDDEN WITHIN THE FOLDS OF YOUR CLOAK. THUS, BY FALSE MAGIC, YOU PLANNED TO STREW THE GOLD ABOUT MY FEET AS IF THEY WERE BORN THROUGH A SPELL! BUT I HAVE SEEN THROUGH YOUR DECEPTION! NEXT!

THE THING


5-SIRE--I AM CARL GERSTAD--A POOR MILLER ...AND THIS IS KATERINE--MY DAUGHTER...
COME TO THE POINT, DOG! AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
AND WATCHING ALL THE TIME WAS RUMPELSTILTSKIN...
MY DAUGHTER SHALL FILL YOUR ENTIRE ROOM WITH GOLD IF YOU LET HER STAY OVER-NIGHT. SHE WILL SPIN A ROOM FILLED WITH STRAW... INTO GOLD!
HO! HO! IF THIS BE JEST, MILLER---THEN YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER SHALL DIE BY DAWN. BUT IF YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH--THEN YOU SHALL HAVE ALL YOUR HEART'S DESIRE!
BUT YOU HAVE BOASTED TOO MUCH, MY FATHER. I CAN'T FILL AN ENTIRE ROOM WITH GOLD! REMEMBER OUR SCHEME---IT WAS ONLY TO BE GOLD ---ONLY MY GOLDEN TRESSES!
I FORGOT, DAUGHTER. WHAT SHALL WE DO?
BUT ONLY RUMPELSTILTSKIN KNEW...
NOW YOU SHALL BE LOCKED IN THIS ROOM, FAIR MAIDEN. IF BY MORNING YOU HAVE NOT DONE WHAT YOUR FATHER HAS PROMISED ---THEN OFF WITH YOUR HEADS!
OH--H...WE ARE LOST!
IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT RUMPELSTILTSKIN DECIDED TO ACT. IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, HE APPEARED BEFORE THE GIRL
SHHH! NO OUTCRY, FAIR MAIDEN. I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU! I KNOW OF YOUR SIMPLE RUSE, MY SWEET. BUT THE KING IS FAT AND GREEDY. HE WILL NOT BE IN GOOD HUMOR ON THE MORROW!
I KNOW! OH-H... WHAT CAN YOU DO TO SAVE MY LIFE?
I CAN SPIN THIS STRAW INTO GOLD. BUT WHAT CAN YOU GIVE ME FOR MY EFFORT?
ALAS---I HAVE NOTHING BUT MY NECKLACE!

THE THING


GOOD! GOOD! I SHALL TAKE YOUR NECKLACE AND SPIN THIS STRAW INTO GOLD!
BUT THESE THINGS CAN'T BE DONE, LITTLE MAN! I AM SURELY DREAMING!
THEN CLOSE YOUR EYES, MY PET ---AND DREAM. FOR TOMORROW THIS ROOM SHALL BE FILLED TO THE RAFTERS WITH THE KING'S GOLD!
THE LITTLE MAN TOOK THE NECKLACE, SEATED HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE WHEEL AND WHIRR, WHIRR, WHIRR THREE TIMES 'ROUND... UNTIL THE ROOM WAS FILLED!
HA, HA... SOON MY PROMISE SHALL COME TRUE! SPIN... SPIN ...SPIN!


AND WHEN THE GREEDY KING OPENED THE LOCKED ROOM, HE SAW...
GOLD! GOLD!! 'TIS TRUE AFTER ALL! THE GOOD MILLER HAS NOT DECEIVED ME! THIS PRETTY GIRL HAS SPUN ALL THE STRAW INTO GOLD!
EXCELLENT! AND YOU SHALL BE REWARDED! BUT FIRST---YOU WILL SPIN ME ANOTHER ROOM FULL OF GOLD THIS VERY NIGHT. OR---OFF-- WITH YOUR HEAD! TWO ROOMS ARE BETTER THAN ONE! HEE, HEE...
OH, NO! NO! I'M LOST!
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THE THING


AND FOR THE SECOND TIME, RUMPELSTILTSKIN APPEARED BEFORE THE DISTRAUGHT MAIDEN...
CEASE YOUR CRYING, MY PET! WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME THIS TIME TO FILL YOUR ROOM WITH GOLD?
I HAVE NOTHING BUT MY RING, LITTLE MAN!
AGREED! SIT BACK AND WATCH, OH, WE WILL SPIN, SPIN, SPIN--- UNTIL THE ROOM IS FILLED, FILLED, FILLED!
AND THAT NEXT MORNING, ALSO---THE KING SAW WHAT HIS GREEDY HEART DESIRED!
REMARKABLE! THIS ROOM, TOO, HAS BEEN FILLED WITH GOLD! BUT NOW, I HAVE A THIRD AND LARGER ROOM PREPARED FOR YOU, MY DEAR! AND THIS TIME, IF YOU DO NOT FAIL ME---I SHALL MAKE YOU MY QUEEN!
HEAVEN PRESERVE MY SOUL! I AM DEAD ALREADY!
AND FOR THE THIRD AND LAST TIME, RUMPELSTILTSKIN FACED THE BEAUTIFUL MILLER'S DAUGHTER THAT NIGHT.
AND WHAT CAN YOU GIVE ME AGAIN, MY PET?
ALAS, LITTLE MAN! I HAVE NOTHING!
THEN PROMISE ME, IF YOU SHOULD BECOME QUEEN, TO GIVE ME YOUR FIRST CHILD!
WHO KNOWS WHETHER THAT WILL EVER HAPPEN? WHAT INDEED DO I LOSE IF I PROMISE HIM THAT WHICH HE WANTS...?
I GIVE YOU MY SOLEMN PROMISE, OH, LITTLE MAN!
HA, HA...'TIS A BARGAIN, MY PET! YOU WILL FIND YOUR ROOM FILLED TO THE CEILING WITH GOLD! MY FINGERS SHALL WORK, WORK, WORK FOR YOU! THE KING SHALL BE OVERJOYED!

THE THING


AND THE FAT KING MIDROS DID EXACTLY THAT! IN NO TIME AT ALL, KATERINE, THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER, BECAME QUEEN OF ALL THE LAND!
AND A YEAR LATER, SHE BROUGHT A BEAUTIFUL CHILD INTO THE WORLD, AND NEVER GAVE A THOUGHT TO THE LITTLE MAN...
A FINE BOY, MY FAIR LADY! HE WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL KING SOMEDAY!
HEE, HEE ... SOON--- SOON!
AND THAT VERY NEXT TIME, AT THE UNEARTHLY GATHERING, RUMPELSTILTSKIN MADE HIS CLAIM!
YOUR ATTENTION, BROTHERS! I SHALL MAKE GOOD MY VOW! I SHALL BRING YOU A WORK OF ART THE LIKES OF WHICH YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN!
I SHALL BRING YOU A YOUNG, TENDER SKIN! ON IT SHALL BE TATTOOED ALL THE MARKS OF THE DAMNED. ON IT SHALL BE THE ARTISTRY OF RUMPELSTILTSKIN!
WE SHALL SOON SEE, OH BRAGGART! WE SHALL SOON KNOW OF YOUR SKILL!
BUT RUMPELSTILTSKIN HAD PREPARED CAREFULLY AND WELL. FOR A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER...
NOW GIVE ME WHAT YOU PROMISED, OH BEAUTIFUL QUEEN! BUT I AM TOO HASTY, METHINKS! I SHALL GIVE YOU THREE DAYS TO GUESS MY NAME, AND IF BY THAT TIME YOU FIND OUT MY NAME, THEN SHALL YOU KEEP YOUR CHILD!
THREE DAYS! JUST THREE DAYS...
THE QUEEN LAY ILL--FOR WHO COULD FIND OUT THE NAME OF A DEMON SUCH AS RUMPELSTILTSKIN? BUT ONE OF HER COURTIERS, A STALWART LAD, SPOKE UP BRAVELY...
FEAR NOT, MY FAIR LADY. I SHALL TRY TO BRING YOU THIS DEMON'S NAME!
MEANWHILE, RUMPELSTILTSKIN WAS PREPARING HIS EVIL-SMELLING BREW...
HO! HO! HEE, HEE!... SOON I SHALL MELT DOWN A LITTLE CHILD--AND STRETCH HIS SKIN FOR MY WORK! FOR NONE CAN FIND OUT THE NAME OF RUMPEL-STILTSKIN!
7

THE THING















AND THE MORAL, DEAR READERS? SIMPLY THIS! DON'T BE GREEDY AND EVIL--FOR RUMPELSTILTSKIN MAY REMEMBER YOU AS HE DID THE FAT KING MIDROS. THAT GREED BEGAN HIS SCHEME JUST AS GREED ENDED IT!

The Thing

The End

The Thing presents— THE EVIL EYE!

FOR YEARS HATRED SEETHED OPENLY IN THE BIZARRE CAIRO HOUSEHOLD. HUSBAND WARREN WAS FEARED IN THE AREA BECAUSE HIS RAGING TEMPER WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A FEROCIOUS LOVE OF GAMBLING AND LIQUOR... HIS CRIPPLED WIFE, GERDA, WAS THE SUBJECT OF UGLY, YET VAGUE RUMORS AMONG OTHER WOMEN OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. NOW, AT LAST, THEIR SAVAGE FEUD SEEMED HEADED TOWARD A GRIM CONCLUSION---FOR WARREN HAD PURCHASED *ONE* TICKET FOR AN OCEAN CRUISE, AND GERDA WAS WORKING OVERTIME WITH HER SECRET POTIONS AND HEXES! READ ON... *The Thing!*

G-GERDA! I-I LOCKED YOU IN YOUR ROOM... HOW'D YOU GET OUT? AND HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE I WAS?

STEALING MORE OF MY JEWELS, ARE YOU? I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE, WARREN... NOW YOU'LL PAY THE PENALTY FOR GAMBLING AWAY MY FORTUNE!

GIVE ME BACK MY PRECIOUS CAT'S-EYE RING, YOU PIG! YOU'VE STOLEN FOR THE LAST TIME...

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, YOU HIDEOUS WITCH... THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME! TAKE YOUR CLAWS OFF ME!

I TOLD YOU TO *LET GO!* I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOU AND YOUR CRAZY MANIAS! FROM NOW ON I'LL DO JUST AS I PLEASE... AND THERE ISN'T A THING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME! *LET GO!*

SMACKKK

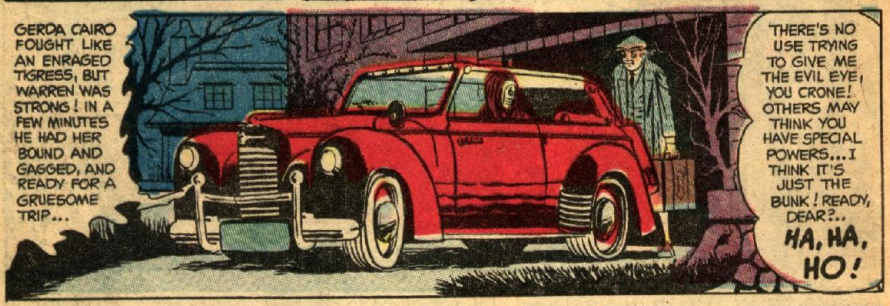
AIEEE

THE THING


I-I'M CALLING MY LAWYER TO ARRANGE A DIVORCE, WARREN CAIRO! I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE RUINED IN BUSINESS...CUT OFF WITHOUT A RED CENT!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, HARPY! I'VE ALREADY MADE PLANS FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE!


SEE THIS TICKET? IT'S FOR A SHIP LEAVING AT MIDNIGHT...A THREE MONTH MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE! I'LL BE ON THAT BOAT...AND YOU'RE DRIVING DOWN TOWARD THE PIER WITH ME! BUT YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK!

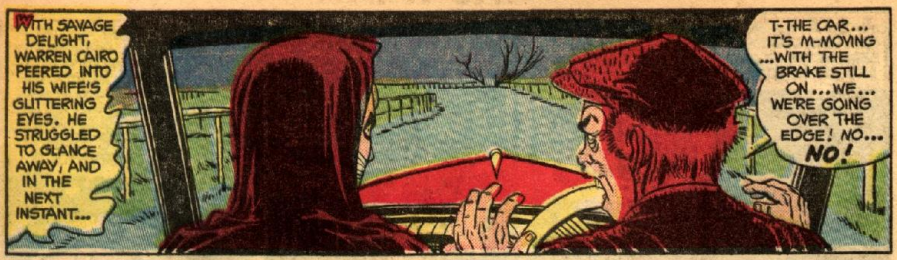

LET ME GO!.. I'LL KILL YOU..!
HA, HA, HA!! YOU'RE DOOMED, YOU GHASTLY WITCH, AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME! ONLY REASON YOU HAVEN'T TRIED TO MURDER ME TILL NOW IS YOU'RE AFRAID OF BEING CAUGHT! BUT I'M NOT SO SQUEAMISH!


GERDA CAIRO FOUGHT LIKE AN ENRAGED TIGRESS, BUT WARREN WAS STRONG! IN A FEW MINUTES HE HAD HER BOUND AND GAGGED, AND READY FOR A GRUESOME TRIP...
THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO GIVE ME THE EVIL EYE, YOU CRONE! OTHERS MAY THINK YOU HAVE SPECIAL POWERS...I THINK IT'S JUST THE BUNK! READY, DEAR?..
HA, HA, HO!


NOT MUCH HELP IN THOSE POTIONS AND HEXES YOU BELIEVE IN, IS THERE? WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD SUICIDE TURN...AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT! JUST FOR THE LAUGHS I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M PLANNING...


SOON'S I UNLOAD MY BAGGAGE, I'M RELEASING THE BRAKE...THIS CRATE'LL PLUMMET TWO HUNDRED FEET INTO THE RAVINE. I'VE ALREADY SET THE DASHBOARD CLOCK FORWARD TO MIDNIGHT...THE EXACT TIME WITNESSES WILL SEE ME ABOARD THE CRUISE BOAT PULLING OUT OF THE HARBOR!

THE THING


WITH SAVAGE DELIGHT, WARREN CAIRO PEERED INTO HIS WIFE'S GLITTERING EYES. HE STRUGGLED TO GLANCE AWAY, AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
T-THE CAR... IT'S M-MOVING ...WITH THE BRAKE STILL ON...WE... WE'RE GOING OVER THE EDGE! NO... NO!


DOWN THE DEADLY EMBANKMENT THE DEATH CAR PLUNGED, HURTLING TOWARD CERTAIN DESTRUCTION...
YEAHHHH!

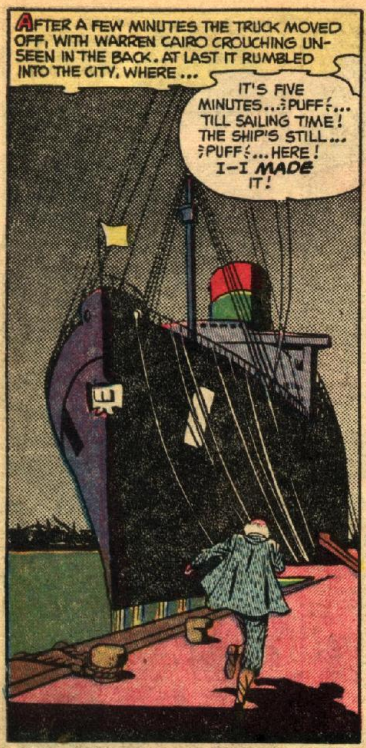

AT THE LAST SPLIT-SECOND, WARREN CAIRO IS MIRACULOUSLY HURLED FREE OF THE PLUMMETING CAR. THEN...
CRASH!


FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS THERE WAS ONLY THE SOUND OF FLAMES CRACKLING AROUND THE SKELETON OF THE CRUSHED CAR. SLOWLY A FIGURE MOVED..
I...I'M ALL RIGHT! BAD PAIN... IN CHEST...EVERY-THING SPINNING...B-BUT SOMEHOW...I... SURVIVED...


IT'S F-FREAK LUCK...BUT I'M STILL HERE! AND GERDA...TRAPPED INSIDE THAT FUNERAL PYRE! IF THE FALL DIDN'T KILL HER THE FIRE WILL! EVERY-THING LOOKS BURNT TO A CINDER... I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE MY LUGGAGE AND CLEAR OUT!


THAT TRUCK'S STUCK ON THE ROAD WITH A FLAT TIRE! WHILE THEY'RE BUSY CHANGING IT I'LL SLIP INTO THE BACK! FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THEY'RE HEADING INTO TOWN...THIS WAY NO ONE'LL SEE ME AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT!

THE THING


AFTER A FEW MINUTES THE TRUCK MOVED OFF, WITH WARREN CAIRO CROUCHING UNSEEN IN THE BACK. AT LAST IT RUMBLED INTO THE CITY, WHERE...
IT'S FIVE MINUTES...PUFF!...TILL SAILING TIME! THE SHIP'S STILL...PUFF!...HERE! I—I MADE IT!


T-THANK GOD NO ONE WAS ON DECK EXCEPT THE PURSER... AND HE WAS SO BUSY WITH LATE ARRIVALS HE HARDLY SEEMED TO NOTICE HOW BATTERED I LOOK! I'LL STAY HERE IN MY CABIN FOR A FEW HOURS...GIVE THESE BRUISES A CHANCE TO HEAL!


I CAN FEEL THE ROLL OF THE WAVES...WE'RE UNDER WAY! AND I GOT ABOARD IN TIME! NOW THEY CAN'T BLAME ME FOR GERDA'S DEATH...I CAN PROVE I WAS AT SEA AT THE TIME OF THE ACCIDENT! HA, HA, HA! AND HER FORTUNE... IT REVERTS TO ME AS HER ONLY HEIR!

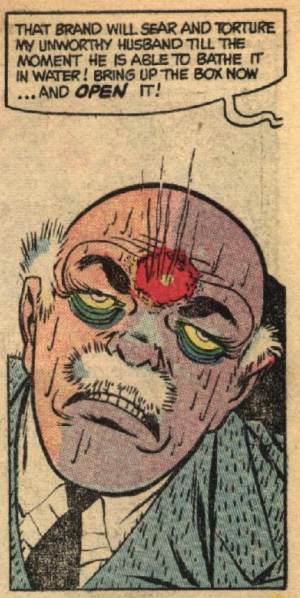

THE BOAT CHURNED THROUGH THE CALM SEAS, AND WARREN CAIRO DOZED OFF WITH A SMILE ON HIS LIPS. SOME TIME LATER HE AWOKE WITH A SHUDDER ...HE WAS NOT ALONE!
I-IS THAT YOU, VALET? DOES...DOES SOMEONE WANT ME? W-WHO IS IT? WHO'S THERE?


IT IS I, WARREN...YOUR VERY OWN GERDA! CARELESS OF YOU TO WALK OFF WITH MY PRIZED CAT'S EYE RING! I HAVEN'T BEEN SO FORGETFUL.... I'VE BROUGHT A BON VOYAGE GIFT!
G-GO AWAY, YOU GHOUL...YOU'RE DEAD! I SAW YOU WITH MY OWN EYES!


WARREN RECOILED IN DREAD, FRANTICALLY REASSURING HIMSELF HE WAS HAVING A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE. BUT THERE WAS NO DENYING THE PRESSURE OF THE SLIMY HANDS DRAGGING HIM TOWARDS THE SHIP'S HOLD...
H-HELP ME, SOMEONE...
HELP!
YOU DON'T SEE TOO WELL, WARREN...THERE'S NO ONE TO HEAR YOU! I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR DEFECTIVE VISION, THOUGH...











EVEN AS THE IMAGE OF GERDA FADED THE MONSTROUS RATS WERE RIPPING AT WARREN'S BLEEDING FLESH, THEIR JAGGED FANGS SLASHING AND MUTILATING ...



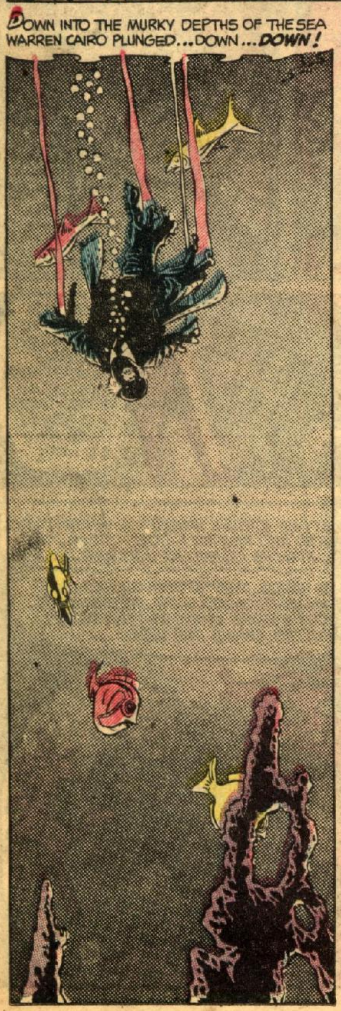
AN ETERNITY OF TORTURE PASSED FOR WARREN CAIRO, AS HE FAINTED AND REVIVED A DOZEN TIMES. THE GRUESOME ATTACKS CEASED AT LAST, AND...

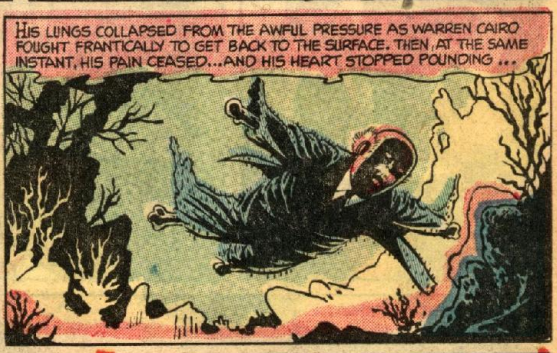


THE THING


W-WATER...SHE SAID WATER WOULD EASE THE RED-HOT AGONY WHERE SHE BRANDED ME! G-GOT TO DRAG MYSELF OVERBOARD ...INTO...WATER...


W-WATER... ONLY THING CAN ... S-SAVE ME!


DOWN INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE SEA WARREN CAIRO PLUNGED...DOWN ...DOWN!


HIS LUNGS COLLAPSED FROM THE AWFUL PRESSURE AS WARREN CAIRO FOUGHT FRANTICALLY TO GET BACK TO THE SURFACE. THEN, AT THE SAME INSTANT, HIS PAIN CEASED...AND HIS HEART STOPPED POUNDING ...


AT PRECISELY THE SAME MOMENT, AT THE BOTTOM OF DREADED SUICIDE TURN ...
MIKE! T-THAT WRECKED CAR...MUSTA TUMBLED DOWN THE EMBANKMENT! AND OVER THERE ... BRRR!
DOESN'T TAKE FIELD RATS LONG TO FIND A MEAL, DOES IT? UGH! I-I FEEL SICK!


WE...WE'D BETTER RUN FOR THE POLICE! REMEMBER THAT LICENSE NUMBER...THE COPS'LL NEED IT FOR IDENTIFICATION!
L-LET'S GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE...BEFORE I FAINT!

THE THING


THE HORRIFIED HUNTERS SCRAMBLED UP THE STEEP EMBANKMENT, THE BLOOD RUNNING COLD IN THEIR VEINS. THE TELEPHONE LINES CRACKLED, THEN...
N-NEVER SAW RATS THAT SIZE IN THIS AREA.
MEBBE THIS'LL SCATTER 'EM!
BRANG! BRANG!
GEEZ! H-HIS HANDS AND FEET...THEY BEEN GNAWED OFF BY THEM RATS! WE...WE BETTER COVER UP THE CORPSE BEFORE SOMEONE WITH A WEAK STOMACH SEES IT!
HOLD IT, COREY! MOTORCYCLE IS BRINGING SOMEONE TO MAKE IDENTIFICATION!
HEADQUARTERS TRACED THAT LICENSE NUMBER ...THEY'RE RUSHING A NEIGHBOR OR SOMEONE OVER TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE BODY!
WONDER WHAT KILLED THE POOR BUZZARD? THE CRASH.. THE RATS.. OR DROWNING IN THIS LI'L POOL OF WATER?
TURN 'IM FACE-UP, COREY...THEY'RE BRINGING DOWN THE PERSON WHO'S GONNA MAKE THE IDENTIFICATION!
UGH! W-WHY DO I ALWAYS GET THE LOUSY JOBS? I-I HOPE IT ONLY TAKES A FEW SECONDS TO GET THIS GRISLY BUSINESS OVER WITH!
G-GOOD GOD! E-EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT? ON...ON HIS FOREHEAD...AN EYE OF SOME KIND! S-SEEMS TO BE BRANDED THERE! C-CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE CORPSE...?
IT'S WARREN CAIRO, AS YOU SUSPECTED, GENTLEMEN!
T-THANKS FOR COOPERATING, MRS. CAIRO! IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE SHOCK...
I CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T EXPECT IT! I WARNED HIM...BUT HE REFUSED TO SEE WHAT I MEANT ABOUT PREMONITIONS OF DISASTER! POOR WARREN!
The End
FAR SIGHTED WOMAN, THAT GERDA CAIRO...MIGHT EVEN BE DESCRIBED AS SUPER HUMAN, DON'T YOU THINK? HEE HEE HEE HEE!
The Thing



MR. KON SHUNS

A group of the leading citizens of the Big City were assembled in the meeting hall at the hotel. Outside were armed guards, and admission was by special invitation only. Mr. Walter Coyne, chairman of the Committee to Fight Organized Crime, spoke.

"Our fair city is in the hands of a highly organized gang. Now they want to take it all over. As you all know, they will stop at nothing to accomplish their ends. Those editors who dared to raise a voice of protest were shot down. They have blown up the plants of manufacturers who refused to pay blackmail. Even our police force has been intimidated. Need I remind you that there has been a series of peculiar accidents to the children of honest policemen? What can we do?"

Mr. Herbert Seliner, banker and sportsman, arose. He could sense the atmosphere in the room.

"There is almost a feeling of despair in this place. Surely there must be something we can do. There must be some way of destroying these mobsters. Frankly, I do not propose to stand idly and see crime take over. What has gone wrong with you? Are you all scared by the report there is a big brain controlling every movement of the Olmo Gang? I am certain there is one person here who has guts to go along with me."

A small man rose from his seat. He almost looked like a midget. He was completely bald. All eyes focused on him, as he spoke in a high voice.

"What you are looking for is a thing that can destroy the criminals who are taking over your city. There is a force that can do this. It is known as Conscience. For, every man possesses this thing. Your gangsters have temporarily stilled their consciences. And you who are afraid of striking back have refused to listen to your conscience. But there is a thing that will do all this. The conscience that nothing can destroy."

Mr. Walter Coyne knew every person in that room, but this small man was a stranger to him. How did he get in?

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Walter Coyne. "Just what is your name? And how did you get in here?"

"My name is Kon Shuns," replied the small man. "And I am everywhere in this world whether invited or not. You don't think that those armed guards outside could stop me from entering? Anyway, I did present a special invitation. I think the time has come for me to take over. So don't worry, gentlemen. I shall handle the crime situation in this city, and, when I am finished, you will have a good city. But from then on it is up to you to keep it clean and honest."

The small man left his seat and walked to the door which he opened. He left the room. Suddenly, Mr. Walter Coyne shouted.

"Get that man! We sent him no invitation. He might be a spy from the gangsters!"

Captain Edward Hoffman, in charge of the armed guards outside that meeting hall, repeated his same statement for the tenth time.

"Don't tell me what I saw! That door opened and then closed by itself. Nobody and nothing walked out of that room. We checked the identity of everyone entering. Never saw this small guy. I don't know how he did it. Maybe he used mirrors."

Joe Olmo was in high spirits, as he and his boys were in the Olmo Night Club. He knew about the meeting that was taking place at the hotel. It had been widely publicized in the newspapers.

"They ought to send a reporter here to get my views," he snarled to his right hand man, Mike Perosini. "This is a world of strong people. We take over because we got guns and guts."

A small man, who seemed to appear from

nowhere in particular, came right up to Joe Olmo. He held a small notebook in his left hand.

"I'm the reporter you want," he said in his high voice. "Glad to oblige you. So, those are your views. Well, I have sad news for you. You and your boys are finished."

There was a look of annoyance on Joe Olmo's face as he looked at the man.

"Who let this squirt in here?" he demanded. "I gave orders that only my boys were to be present tonight."

"But I am one of your boys," snapped back the small man. "I am your conscience. I am the conscience of every crook and killer in this room. Mr. Olmo, I know you killed that bank clerk, Peter Rumsey. I know that Mike Perosini is the one who shot down the editors. In fact, I know all about you. For, I am the one thing you can't destroy."

"Get that guy," yelled Joe Olmo to Louie the Lug, who carried his deadly gun in a shoulder holster.

Louie the Lug went for his forty-five and aimed at the little man. However, the small fellow made a dive for Louie. The crook fell down just as his finger tightened on the trigger. The slug went right into the heart of Mike Perosini, who slumped to the floor a corpse. There was shouting and disorder in the club, as gangsters went for their guns. Slim Gonter had his six-shooter out, but the little man threw some pepper into his eyes. Slim pulled the trigger of his gun six times. And each time a bullet found a mark in one of his own buddies. Suddenly the lights went out, and the shooting became wild. A passing motorist heard the noises and stopped at the nearest telephone booth to call the police. Six squad cars arrived on the scene, and with them were two reporters.

"The entire Olmo gang wiped out to the last man," announced Police Chief Max Kavanagh. "Looks like perhaps they had too much to drink. Who knows how it started? They killed each other. We'll make autopsies at once and check the bullets. Could be an outside gang, but it doesn't make sense. We'll take the bodies away from here at once."

Captain Fred Leary, in charge of ballistics, and his small staff worked all through the night checking the slugs taken out of the dead men.

"You can say we have definitely proved that the members of the gang shot each other. I can't make any statement as to the reason. For anything further you have to see my superior."

Mr. Herbert Seliner looked at the small man who was seated in a big chair.

"Just how did you get into my apartment?" he demanded. "And did you have anything to do with the wiping out of the Olmo Gang?"

"Two questions in one breath," retorted the small man. "You do have a lot of energy. Just see that the city remains clean and decent. You will be the next mayor. Meanwhile, I have one more call to make."

"Take care of yourself, Mr. Kon Shuns," said the banker. "Shall we meet again?"

"I'm always around," explained the small man. "However, many people either do not see me or try to make believe I do not exist. There will be another special bulletin over the radio in about an hour."

Mr. Walter Coyne was nervous as he tried to pour himself his fourth drink. He had heard about the wiping out of the Olmo gang.

"Relax," advised the high pitched voice of a small man. "Why should you worry? There isn't anything to link you with the Olmo Gang. You were the big brains behind that outfit. Gave them the vital information they needed to make organized crime pay. You got your share — almost five million dollars, and all of it hidden away. Blood money. But you won't use it."

"Who are you?" demanded Walter Coyne. "And don't give me that crazy story about your name being Kon Shuns. Who wiped out my gang? And why?"

"I did it all by myself," replied the small man. "And let's get this thing straight. I really am Conscience. The terror of those who do evil and think they can get away with it. There is always a day of reckoning, and I am the fellow who gives the bill and collects payment."

Mr. Walter Coyne quickly drank the liquor for some courage. He let the glass fall to the floor. Then he grabbed the small man and ran to the large open window.

"I'll throw you down. Eighteen stories to the ground. See if you can survive."

The half drunken man started to hurl the little fellow through the air. Then something strange happened. The little fellow grabbed the larger man, and both hurtled down to the hard, waiting pavement.

Mr. Herbert Seliner heard about the death of Mr. Walter Coyne over the radio. There was something said by the announcer that made sense only to this one listener.

"A small, bald-headed, unidentified man was seen standing near the body. He must have been carrying a sheet, for he covered the remains of our late honored citizen."

Mr. Herbert Seliner turned off the radio and thought for a moment he saw the outline of a small man in his apartment.

"As long as there is Conscience," he said half aloud, "then the world is safe from crime and other forms of evil."

The End

THE THING

THE TIME: SEVERAL YEARS AGO. THE PLACE: A RUGGED DESERT TOWN CALLED FRENCHMAN'S KNIFE. THE VICTIM: A MAN ACCUSED OF ROBBING AND KILLING AN OLD MINER NAMED SAM JONES. THE VERDICT:

DOOM in the AIR

THIS IS A STORY, DEAR READER, TO SEND SHIVERS UP AND DOWN OVER YOUR GOOSE-FLESH!

READ IT... HEH HEH AND CREEP!

The Thing

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF FRENCHMAN'S KNIFE, A STRANGER SEES SOME-*Thing* THAT SURPRISES HIM...

HI, SHERIFF... WON'T YOU AND YOUR DEPUTY JOIN ME IN... HEY! THOSE GUNS... W-WHAT'S THE REASON FOR...?

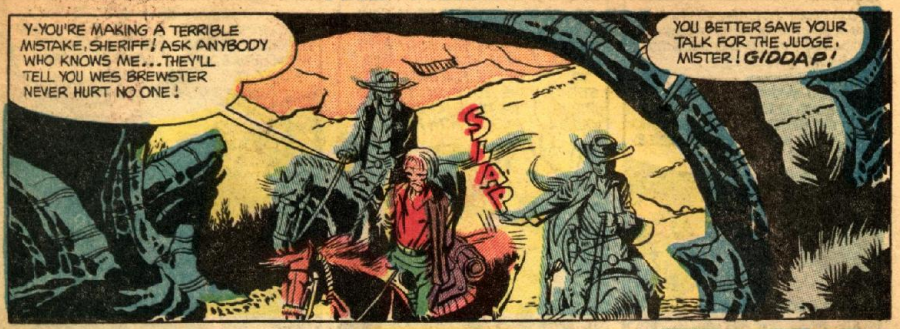
AN OLD MINER NAMED SAM JONES HAS BEEN MURDERED, MISTER... AND THE TRAIL LEADS STRAIGHT TO YOU!

M-MURDER? AND... AND THE TRAIL LEADS TO ME? T-THIS IS CRAZY, SHERIFF!

MEBBE SO, MISTER... BUT UNTIL YOU CAN SHOW ME, YOU'RE MY PRISONER! GET DOWN, FLETCH, AND TIE HIS WRISTS!

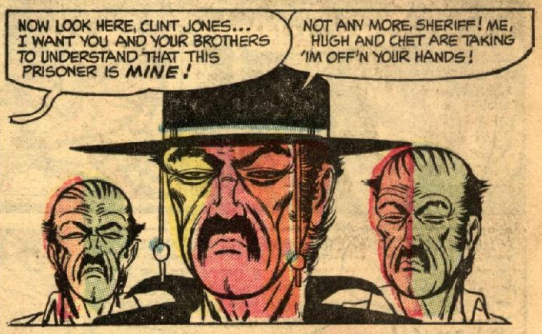
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MISTER... BUT I'LL GUARANTEE ONE THING. YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, LIKE YOU SAY, YOU'LL GO FREE. BUT IF YOU'RE GUILTY... I'LL HANG YOU MYSELF! NOW LET'S GET STARTED TO TOWN!

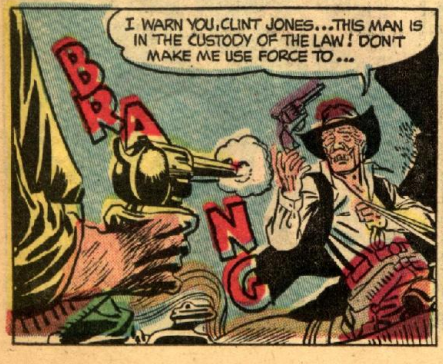
THE THING


Y-YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, SHERIFF! ASK ANYBODY WHO KNOWS ME...THEY'LL TELL YOU WES BREWSTER NEVER HURT NO ONE!
YOU BETTER SAVE YOUR TALK FOR THE JUDGE, MISTER! GIDDAP!
SLAP


HEY, BOSS, THAT DUST OVER YONDER... DON'T THAT LOOK LIKE...
THE JONES BROTHERS! THEY MUST'VE HEARD THAT WE WERE ON THE TRAIL OF THE GUY WHO ROBBED AND KILLED THEIR DAD!




NOW LOOK HERE, CLINT JONES... I WANT YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS PRISONER IS MINE!
NOT ANY MORE, SHERIFF! ME, HUGH AND CHET ARE TAKING 'IM OFF'N YOUR HANDS!


I WARN YOU, CLINT JONES...THIS MAN IS IN THE CUSTODY OF THE LAW! DON'T MAKE ME USE FORCE TO...
BRA
NG


Y-YOU NICKED ME, YOU ORNERY COYOTE! I'LL SEE THE THREE OF YOU HANG IF THIS MAN IS HARMED!
WE'LL TAKE THAT RISK, SHERIFF! NOW BOTH OF YOU ACT NICE AND QUIET...


Y-YOU CAN'T LET THESE LUNATICS TAKE ME, SHERIFF! I-I HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN GIVEN A CHANCE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE...
YOU MURDERED OUR OLD MAN, STRANGER...ME AND MY BROTHERS'VE JUST TRIED AND CONVICTED YOU, SEE? NOW CLAM UP!
THAT HANGING TREE'LL BE FINE TO STRING UP THIS LOUSE!
YOU OUTTA YOUR MIND, CHET? THE SHERIFF FINDS THE BODY AND HE'LL HAVE THE THREE OF US FOR MURDER! WE GOTTA DO THIS SO THERE IS NO BODY! AND I KNOW HOW!
T-THE OLD ABANDONED LEAD MINE...BUT THE CORPSE'LL BE FOUND HERE, TOO, WON'T IT?
NOT THE WAY I GOT IT PLANNED, CHET! DRAG 'IM OFF'N HIS HORSE, HUGH!
PIONEER LEAD MINE
Y-YOU CAN'T SHOOT ME HERE, LIKE A DOG! GIVE ME A CHANCE...I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU!
WHO MENTIONED SHOOTING, FELLER? YOU'LL GET A CHANCE TO LIVE...THE SAME KINDA CHANCE YOU GAVE OUR FATHER!
I-I DON'T GET THE IDEA AT ALL, CLINT... WHAT'S TO KEEP 'IM FROM JUST WALKING FREE?
THEM SUPPORTING TIMBERS THAT HOLD UP THE MINE ENTRANCE, CHET! LET ME DO THE BRAIN WORK...YOU USE YOUR MUSCLES KNOCKING THEM PROPS LOOSE!

THE THING


T-THERE SHE GOES...THE WHOLE DANG MINE'S DISAPPEARED! I'M STARTING TO GET THE IDEA!
CRASH


I HAD A HUNCH YOU WOULD! THIS WAY NO MURDER RAP CAN BE HUNG ON US! IF THE GUY DIES... IT AIN'T OUR FAULT, IS IT? HE JUST RUN OUTTA FOOD...OR AIR ...OR JUST CROAKED BECAUSE OF LONELINESS! LET'S CLEAR OUT, NOW...AND FORGET THE WHOLE THING!


THE YEARS PASSED, AND THE ABANDONED LEAD MINE WAS FORGOTTEN...AS WAS THE STOLEN MURDER SUSPECT. FIVE YEARS LATER, AFTER THE TOWN OF FRENCHMAN'S KNIFE AND THE SURROUNDING DESERT HAD BEEN PURCHASED BY THE GOVERNMENT, AND CLEARED OF INHABITANTS...
THERE'S THE TARGET AREA MARKED OUT ON OUR MAPS!

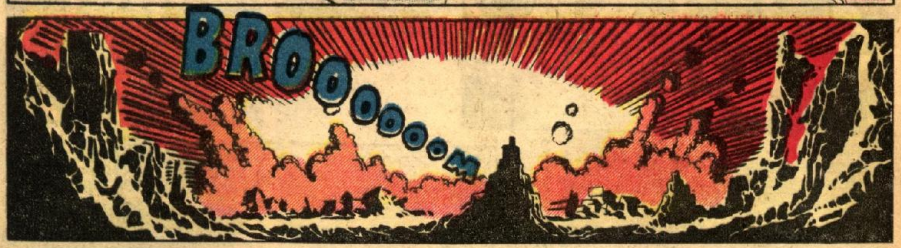

AREA APPEARS TO BE COMPLETELY DESERTED, SIR! DIRECTLY OVER GRID CO-ORDINATES HG 3 AND 4765 Q...
PREPARE TO DROP TRIAL EXPLOSIVE, MAJOR! FIVE SECONDS...FOUR...THREE...

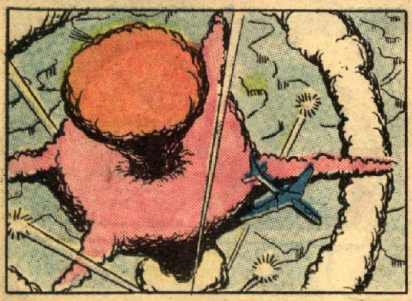

...TWO SECONDS!
PULL YOUR ANTI-GLARE GLASSES DOWN OVER YOUR EYES! THIS FIRECRACKER'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL BOMB EVER DEVISED!


...ONE SECOND... RELEASE BOMB!
T-THERE SHE GOES! KICK THAT RUDDER, MAJOR...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
EXP-1

THE THING


I-I'D HATE TO BE DOWN THERE, WAITING FOR THAT BABY...
IF THE BLAST DOESN'T SLASH A GUY LOOSE FROM HIS SKIN, THAT DEADLY RADIATION ... BRRRR!
EXPERT

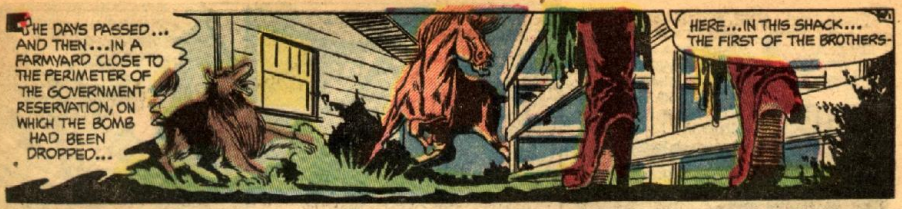

BROOOOOOM

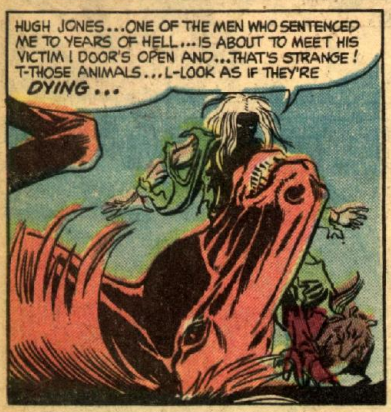



AFTER A SEEMINGLY INTERMINABLE TIME, THE EAR-SPLITTING ROAR RECEDED... THE DUST SETTLED BACK TO EARTH. AND OUT OF THE GROUND CREPT A HIDEOUS *Thing*...


WHO WAS THIS CREATURE STAGGERING OUT OF THE RUBBLE? WAS IT THE LONG-FORGOTTEN WESLEY BREWSTER, FREED AT LAST FROM HIS GROTESQUE LIVING TOMB ... OR SOME-*Thing* RETURNED FROM DEATH?
PIONEER LEAD MINE


I-I FEEL STRANGE... AS IF I'M DREAMING! G-GOT TO GET CONTROL OF MYSELF... K-KEEP MY HANDS FROM SHAKING AND MY BRAIN FROM WHIRLING! GOT... GOT WORK TO DO... **REVENGE!**


THE DAYS PASSED... AND THEN...IN A FARMYARD CLOSE TO THE PERIMETER OF THE GOVERNMENT RESERVATION, ON WHICH THE BOMB HAD BEEN DROPPED...
HERE...IN THIS SHACK... THE FIRST OF THE BROTHERS-


HUGH JONES...ONE OF THE MEN WHO SENTENCED ME TO YEARS OF HELL...IS ABOUT TO MEET HIS VICTIM! DOOR'S OPEN AND...THAT'S STRANGE! T-THOSE ANIMALS...L-LOOK AS IF THEY'RE DYING...


W-WHO...WHO ARE YOU? G-GOOD LORD... YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A G-GRAVE! GET... GET OUT...
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, HUGH JONES? I'M THE MAN YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS...


C-CANT...CAN'T BREATHE! FEEL... AS IF...BURNING UP! WATER... NEED...ARGHHHH!

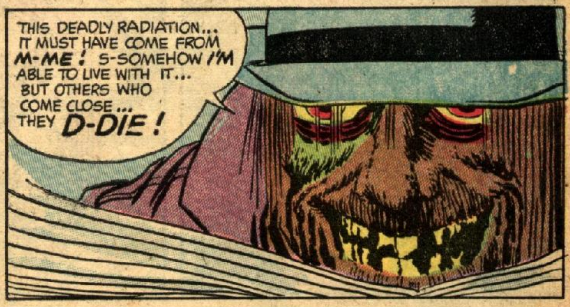

H-HE'S...DEAD! AS IF...IF... SOME CRAZY KIND OF DEADLY RAY KILLED HIM! OR... MAYBE IT WAS THE WAY I LOOKED! I'LL HELP MYSELF TO HIS SCISSORS AND CLOTHING...CUT MY HAIR AND GET DRESSED! AND LOOK AROUND FOR...


...THIS IS JUST WHAT I WANT...A LETTER FROM HUGH'S BROTHER, CHET! IT'S GOT A RETURN ADDRESS... NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE, EITHER! I'D BETTER WALK THERE, SO AS NOT TO AROUSE ANY SUSPICIONS!

THE THING


THREE DAYS LATER, IN A NEARBY TOWN..
READ ALL ABOUT IT... WUXTRY!
MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR ME TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE WORLD WHILE I'VE BEEN GONE!
I'LL TAKE A PAPER, SIR!


W-WHY... IT'S THE BROTHER I JUST VISITED!
FARMER KILLED BY RADIATION!
BELIEVED VICTIM OF A-BOMB BLAST! LIVESTOCK ALSO DIE IN MYSTERY!


THIS DEADLY RADIATION... IT MUST HAVE COME FROM M-ME! S-SOMEHOW I'M ABLE TO LIVE WITH IT... BUT OTHERS WHO COME CLOSE... THEY D-DIE!


GLOATING OVER HIS WEIRD POWERS, WESLEY BREWSTER ...OR HIS VERY TANGIBLE GHOST... PROCEEDED ON HIS MISSION...
RAP
RAP
THIS IS PRICELESS...UNHEARD OF! THE SECOND BROTHER...HEH HEH... DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S IN STORE FOR HIM!


C'MON IN, MUGGSY! I'VE BEEN ON PINS AND NEEDLES WAITING FOR ...WHO ARE YOU?
SOMEONE FROM YOUR PAST, MR. JONES. REMEMBER THE MAN YOU BURIED ALIVE IN THAT CURSED LEAD MINE?


Y-YOU'RE NUTS...THAT GUY MUSTA DIED YEARS AGO! YOU...YOU MUST BE A COP, DISGUISED AS A ...A...W-WHOLE ROOM'S SPINNING!
YOU'RE DOOMED, CHET JONES! THAT GUN CAN'T HELP YOU!

THE THING


CAN'T...CAN'T BREATHE! ROOM'S CLOSING IN... UNGHHHH!
HEEE HEEEE HEEEEE!

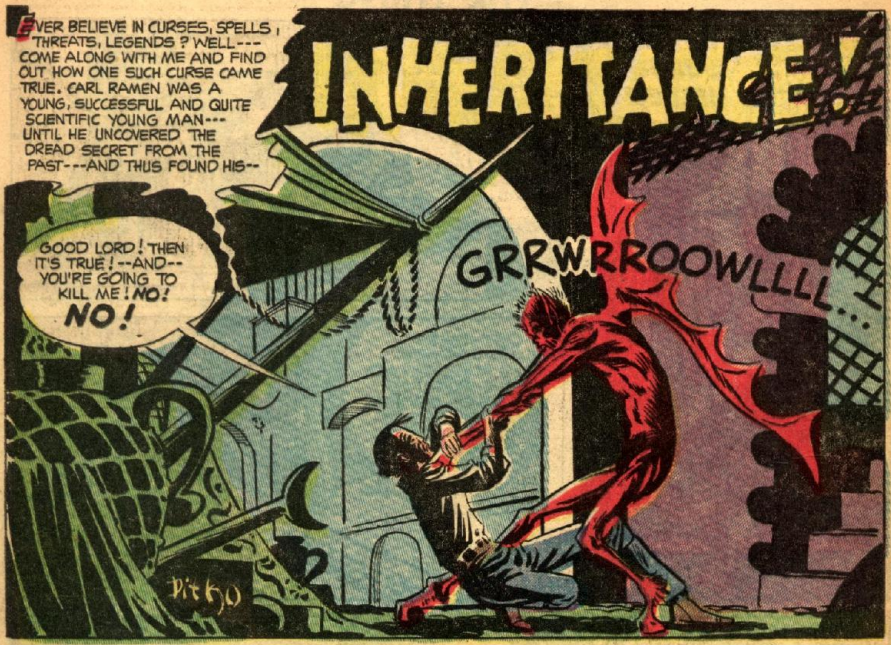

BROTHER NUMBER TWO OUT OF THE WAY... AND NOT A MARK ON HIM! NOW TO SEARCH THIS DUMP AND FIND ...WHAT'S THIS? A TELEGRAM... PERHAPS IT'S FROM THE LAST OF THE JONES' BOYS!


" CHET JONES: AM APPEARING WITH CIRCUS IN WESTERN ACT. ON TOUR, EXPECT TO VISIT BOSTON, NEW YORK, BALTIMORE, CHICAGO AND MANY OTHER CITIES THROUGHOUT COUNTRY. CLINT JONES."
TELEGRAM


ON TOUR, EH? I'LL FOLLOW HIM, UNTIL I CATCH UP WITH HIM! THIS MISERABLE FOOL WAS THE LEADER WHO PLANNED TO BURY ME IN THAT ABANDONED MINE...I CAN GET MY TRAIN TICKETS HERE IN THE TERMINAL. IRONIC THAT THE MONEY I HAVE CAME FROM CHET JONES' POCKET! HEEE HEEE!


I WANT A TICKET TO BOSTON, NEW YORK, BALTIMORE AND CHICAGO! SORT OF A ROUNDABOUT TRIP, EH? BUT I'VE GOT A PARTICULARLY INTERESTING MISSION!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR! S-SAY...ARE THE LIGHTS IN HERE GOING DIM, OR AM I WRONG! I-I FEEL FUNNY... CHOKING... AIEEEE!
ICKETS


I'LL FIND CLINT JONES AND KILL HIM WITH THE STRANGE POWER I HAVE IF IT TAKES ME TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH! THESE CITIES ARE JUST A START... HEEEE HEEEE!
NOT A VERY PLEASANT PROSPECT, IS IT...BUMPING INTO THIS WALKING MESS OF DEADLY RADIATION? IF THE CIRCUS IS HEADING TOWARD YOUR TOWN... OR YOU KNOW ANYONE NAMED JONES...BRRRR! AS FOR ME, I'M GOING UNDERGROUND UNTIL THIS Thing VANISHES FOR GOOD!
The End


EVER BELIEVE IN CURSES, SPELLS, THREATS, LEGENDS? WELL--- COME ALONG WITH ME AND FIND OUT HOW ONE SUCH CURSE CAME TRUE. CARL RAMEN WAS A YOUNG, SUCCESSFUL AND QUITE SCIENTIFIC YOUNG MAN--- UNTIL HE UNCOVERED THE DREAD SECRET FROM THE PAST---AND THUS FOUND HIS--
INHERITANCE!
GOOD LORD! THEN IT'S TRUE!--AND-- YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME! NO! NO!
GRRWRROOWLLLL...

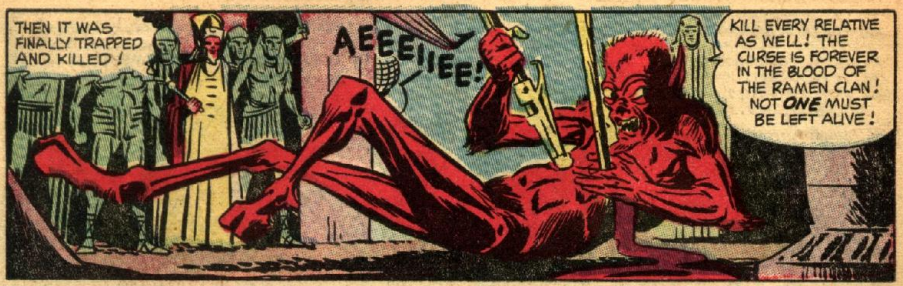

JOHN MARKO AND CARL RAMEN WERE TWO OF THE GREATEST ARCHEOLOGISTS IN EGYPT'S SCIENCE MUSEUM. THEY HAD UNCOVERED THE SECRETS OF THE PAST WITH SUCH BRILLIANCE AND RAPIDITY THAT THE WORLD MARVELED AND WAITED. THEN, ONE DAY, IN THE DIM REACHES OF THE HIDDEN CAVES OF TUTANKAMEN...
IT'S DONE! WE'VE FINALLY UNCOVERED THE GREAT OBELISK TABLET!
--AND UNLOCKED THE SECRET OF THE AGES!

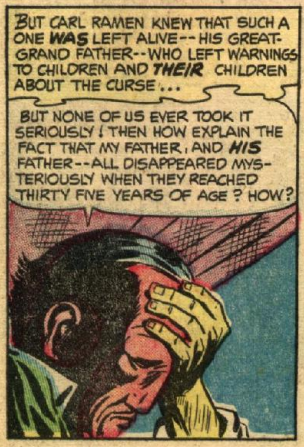

JOHN---DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS? USING THIS TABLET AS OUR MASTER CIPHER, WE CAN READ ANY INSCRIPTION IN THE CRYPT!
THIS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD! WE'LL GET THE CREDIT AND FAME!


YOU'RE THE TRANSLATER, CARL. WHAT DOES IT SAY?
CAN'T MAKE IT OUT YET, JOHN. WAIT---I THINK I'M GETTING IT...


"BEWARE OF THOSE WHO SHOULD READ THESE IMMORTAL WORDS... LET THOSE WHO WOULD DEFILE THE TOMB OF KINGS KNOW DEATH! LET THOSE--UH--- I CAN'T MAKE SENSE AFTER THIS! NEEDS MORE RESEARCH!
IT DOESN'T MATTER! WE'LL ANNOUNCE OUR DISCOVERY RIGHT AWAY!
BUT THAT NIGHT, ALONE IN HIS TENT, CARL RAMEN FOUND TERROR...
I LIED TO JOHN. IT'S A HORRIBLE CURSE--A CURSE THAT PERTAINS TO THE ANCESTORS OF THE RAMEN FAMILY--MY FAMILY!
THE CURSE IS IN THE BLOOD, ONLY ONCE EVERY FIVE YEARS THIS CURSE IS SUPPOSED TO STRIKE! IT BEGINS ON THE THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF LIFE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE RAMEN CLAN!
THE PICTURE OF THE CURSE SLOWLY TOOK SHAPE IN CARL RAMENS MIND...THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO---
--A TERRIBLE CREATURE HAD KILLED SUDDENLY AND SWIFTLY!
GRWRWOOLGRR
AIEEEE!
KILL IT!
KILL THE EVIL MONSTER!
RAAAAGGH!

THE THING


THEN IT WAS FINALLY TRAPPED AND KILLED!
AEEEIIEE!
KILL EVERY RELATIVE AS WELL! THE CURSE IS FOREVER IN THE BLOOD OF THE RAMEN CLAN! NOT ONE MUST BE LEFT ALIVE!


BUT CARL RAMEN KNEW THAT SUCH A ONE WAS LEFT ALIVE--HIS GREAT-GRAND FATHER--WHO LEFT WARNINGS TO CHILDREN AND THEIR CHILDREN ABOUT THE CURSE...
BUT NONE OF US EVER TOOK IT SERIOUSLY! THEN HOW EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT MY FATHER, AND HIS FATHER--ALL DISAPPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY WHEN THEY REACHED THIRTY FIVE YEARS OF AGE? HOW?


CARL RAMEN COULDN'T EXPLAIN! HE HAD TO ACCEPT IT AS FACT! BUT HE ALSO KNEW THAT HIS FRIEND JOHN MARKO HAD TO BE PROTECTED! THAT NEXT DAY INSIDE THE TOMB...
OUR WORK IS FINISHED HERE, JOHN. WE'LL SEAL THE CRYPT AND HEAD BACK TO THE CITY!
BUT WE HAVE TO CALL PORTERS IN TO CARRY BACK THE OBELISK TABLET!


NO! THE TABLET STAYS BURIED HERE! I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO TOUCH IT! UH--THAT IS... WE'LL COME BACK FOR IT WHEN WE'RE BETTER EQUIPPED!
ALL RIGHT, CARL. ANYTHING YOU SAY!

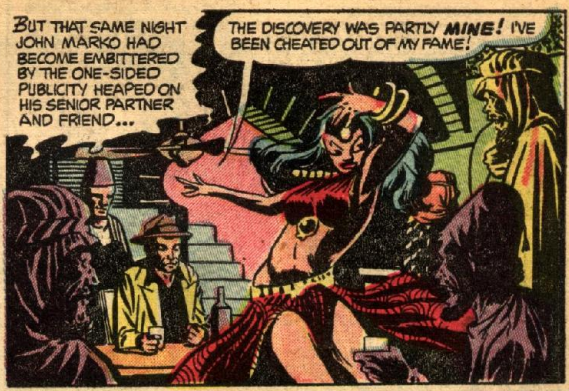

AND ALL ALONG THE JOURNEY BACK, CARL RAMEN WAS LOST IN DEEP THOUGHT...
JOHN MUST NEVER FIND OUT. I'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE TOMB AND DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY! I CAN'T EVER GO NEAR HUMAN BEINGS AGAIN! I COULDN'T BEAR TO... KILL!


ONCE IN THE CITY, CARL RAMEN VANISHED. BUT JOHN MARKO, CONTRARY TO RAMEN'S ORDERS, ANNOUNCED THE GREAT DISCOVERY TO THE MUSEUM TRUSTEES...
WE FOUND IT! IT LIES WAITING FOR US!
ASTOUNDING! CONGRATULATIONS!


CARL RAMEN---GREAT SCIENTIST---DISCOVERS THE MASTER CIPHER OF ANTIQUITY!

THE THING

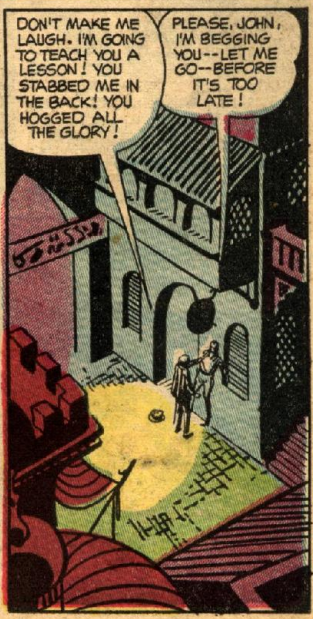

AND LATER, SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY, CARL RAMEN ALSO SAW THE HEADLINES..
THE FOOLS! THEY'VE HEAPED ALL THE CREDIT ON MY HEAD! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THAT TOMB AND DESTROY IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!


BUT THAT SAME NIGHT JOHN MARKO HAD BECOME EMBITTERED BY THE ONE-SIDED PUBLICITY HEAPED ON HIS SENIOR PARTNER AND FRIEND...
THE DISCOVERY WAS PARTLY MINE! I'VE BEEN CHEATED OUT OF MY FAME!


THE ENVY, RESENTMENT, AND FRUSTRATION GNAWED INTO JOHN MARKO'S VITALS LIKE A CANCER. HE BEGAN TO DISSIPATE -- VOWING REVENGE --- UNTIL ONE NIGHT IN A WATERFRONT DIVE...
IT'S HIM! I FOUND HIM AT LAST!


I WANT TO TALK TO YOU! YOU HOGGED THE SPOTLIGHT! YOU'VE BEEN SNUBBING ME --TRYING TO CHEAT ME OUT OF MY FAME!
GO AWAY, YOU FOOL! I'VE DONE NO SUCH THING! I'M LEAVING FOR THE TOMB IN A FEW MINUTES-- RIGHT AFTER THIS DRINK.


YOU'RE GOING OUTSIDE WITH ME! YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHY YOU WANT IT DESTROYED! I WAS YOUR BEST FRIEND---AND NOW I'M NOBODY!
LET GO, JOHN. DON'T ACT RASHLY, I WARN YOU!


DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON! YOU STABBED ME IN THE BACK! YOU HOGGED ALL THE GLORY!
PLEASE, JOHN, I'M BEGGING YOU--LET ME GO--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

THE THING


BUT JOHN MARKO ONLY HELD ON TIGHTER...
TOO LATE FOR WHAT? DON'T STALL ME! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, JOHN. MIDNIGHT --WHEN I REACH MY THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY!


I DON'T CARE IF YOU REACH YOUR FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY! YOU'RE GOING TO UNCOVER THAT TABLET AND TELL EVERYONE THE DISCOVERY WAS PARTLY MINE AS WELL!
NO! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I'LL...HAVE TO... TELL YOU ABOUT THE... CURSE!


THE CHANGE WILL TAKE PLACE EXACTLY AT MIDNIGHT. I'LL--TURN INTO A HIDEOUS CREATURE LIVING ONLY TO KILL! DON'T YOU SEE? I'LL TURN ON YOU--MY BEST FRIEND! IT'S IN MY BLOOD!
WHA--T? YOU MEAN --


YES, YOU FOOL! THE TABLET TOLD ABOUT THE CURSE! THAT'S WHY PEOPLE CAN'T SEE THAT TABLET! THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT TO RETURN THERE AND DESTROY IT!
YOU'RE WRONG, CARL! YOU WON'T! YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT THAT THE CURSE DOESN'T APPLY TO YOU!


YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS THE SLAVE OF MY ANCESTOR, AND TOOK THE NAME OF RAMEN WHEN HE ESCAPED HIS MASTER SO THAT OTHER PEOPLE WOULD KNOW HIM FOR AN ARISTOCRAT! IN OTHER WORDS, RAMEN IS NOT YOUR REAL NAME!


MY FATHER AND GRANDFATHER KEPT IN TOUCH WITH YOUR FATHER AND GRANDFATHER ON THEIR THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY, TOO! YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER, INSANE WITH FRIGHT, LEFT YOU A GARBLED WARNING. I SUSPECTED IMMEDIATELY THAT YOU HAD READ THE CURSE ON THE TABLET!


YOU SEE, JUST AS YOUR NAME WAS CHANGED, SO WAS MINE! BUT NOW--I--CLAIM MY INHERITANCE!
AIIEEEE
The End

Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

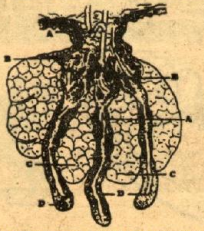
BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. ***DRY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. ***OILY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula.

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."—R.W., Lonsdale, R. 4.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate." —L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness."—R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much." —Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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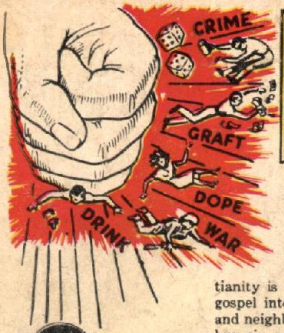
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